

DE
TA
SOUL
is dead



De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Da La Soal Is Dead)"

Hello boys and girls. Welcome to your De La Soul readalong storybook!

When you hear this sound...

...that means turn the page.

And now we begin our exciting adventure of... De La Soul is Dead.

[PLAYGROUND HONEYS:]

- Oh my God, Vanilla Ice...

- He's so fly!

- The boy is so good.

- Did you see his body?

- He could dance too.

- He could.

- He's better than any rapper I ever seen!

- And plus his dancers!

- He's so jammin'!

[JEFF:] Yo, what's up?

[HONEYYS:] Yo, Jeff, where you been, man?

[JEFF:] Guess what I just found, I just found a De La Soul tape in the garbage.

[HONEYYS:] For real? Let's hear it!

[JEFF:] No!

[HONEYYS:] Aww, be like that!

[MISTA LAWNGE:] What's up, cocksnot? How ya doing, buddy?

[HONEYYS:] Cocksnot? You gonna let him call you that? Sucker!

[JEFF:] Leave me alone!

[LAWNGE:] What do we have here?

[JEFF:] Nothing!

[LAWNGE:] Listen, you little Arsenio Hall gum having punk!

[HONEYYS:] Oooh! You let him call you Arsenio! Oooh!

[LAWNGE:] I want the tape!

[JEFF:] It's mine!

[HONEYYS:] Oh, he played you! Jeff's getting played! Jeff! Jeff! Bodyslam him, Jeff!

[LAWNGE:] Now! I've got the new De La Soul tape! Hey dicksnot, buttcrust, get over here!

[D.J. AUB:] What's up baby?

[MASE:] Coolin'!

[LAWNGE:] I just got this De La Soul tape, man, slamming. Where's the box? The box!

[MASE:] So, yo, let's get with the shilsnihilsnobilsno!

[AUB:] I got the bidox, let's do this like Brutus!

...28. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected Grand Prize. Thanks, and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know
 You get 'em from my sister
 You get 'em from my bro
All I is is man, and once an embryo
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow
 Yes, I guess it's reflex
 Some have no control
 I'd rather let a laughter
 And tally, off I go
Canoeing in the river or out into the O
 You just know we're not
 So not play the role
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow
 Some shake your hand but
 (This is called the Show)
 I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure
 Where they arose, well nobody knows
What do they mean, well here's how it goes
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough
 You know who you are but they didn't know
 And now with respect they flex like a pro
 You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
 They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
 They givin' oodles of O's and O's
 And oodles and oodles and oodles of
 (OH!)

[POS:]

Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo
 Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o
 Chanters play the part of a herd at a show
 Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw
 Lunches of punches is what I bestow
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks
O's take the shape of medallions and specs
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows
Mase got something to say and it goes:
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
Oodles of O's, yeah
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho
Charging barricades like a raging rhino
The donuts come big and some in jumbo
The Landlord is finished but before I go
I'll give a shout out to Quest
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

[DOVE:]

Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling O's and O's
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all
We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles
And oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Talkin' Bout Hey Love"

(The radio is so clear in here.)

(Hey)

[POS AND ANN ROBERTS:]

Hey Love

Talkin' bout Hey Love

Wanna be your push and shove

Pop, popcorn up above

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

Discover all the football teams

Mack and eat jelly beans

Run in the cold with no jeans

Get yourself sick till we're seen

Catch the flu and make tea

How Dan Stuckie life will be

It's all about you and me

'Cause you're my Hey Love

(Hey)

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

(Hey)

[TESHA STILLS:] Look Pos, we gotta talk.

[POS:] Talk about what?

[TESHA:] Don't play stupid with me, you know what we gotta talk about.

[POS:] What?

[TESHA:] About you becoming fully dedicated.

[POS:] So we're about to go through these line-runs again, huh?

[TESHA:] You're damn right. I wanna know whatever you do for me has anything to do with love.

[POS:] Look, I come all the way from L.I. to the Bronx to see you, isn't that showing you love?

[TESHA:] You see that's just it Pos, I don't wanna be just your Bronx love, I wanna be your Hey Love.

[POS:] You wanna be my what?

[TESHA:] I said I wanna be your Hey Love. I mean it's just not the mood being one of the many girls on your list, and you wouldn't be dissing me like this if I was your Hey Love.

[POS:] Look, I do everything I can to treat you like a rose.

[TESHA:] Yeah but you even give better treatment to that girl named Selina from uptown like a Daisy. You even gave her some of your special donuts for free.

[POS:] So this is what this is all about, huh? Donuts.

[TESHA:] No, Pos, can't you hear the music, it's all about Hey Love

[POS: *I don't understand why you're dissing me, it's not like I'm Paul, I don't have two kids in every state.*

[TESHA:] *But you probably got two girls in every state.*

If you're not going to go about it the way I want you to, then just leave, 'cause I can't be so bothered.

[POS:] Yeah. [mumbled] And wit your wrinkled pussy...

(I can't be your lover)

(Where's that voice coming from? From... from nowhere?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pease Porridge"

[SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul]

- Yo, gee.
- Yo, word up, gee, man.
- Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?
- Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.
- Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!
- Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
- They ain't punks, man.
- Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.
- Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.
- Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then "Potholes", yo,

then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them faggots.

- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up on them!

[Background:]

(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

[POS:]

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,
The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring
My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio
And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers
The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry
But late, but lately loonies acting real bold
Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry
Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks
Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

[GOSSIP GLADIATORS: Lashawna and Jenette]

- Yo, Miss Thing!
- Yo Merisa, what's up?

- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting, yo they was wildin'.

- Word man?

- Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?
 - Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.
- All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?
 - The Violators.
- The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?
 - Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

[MASE:]

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question
 Can I? (Yes you can!)
 Why do people think just because we speak peace
 We can't blow no joints?
 (I-I-I don't know)

[GRANDMA MASE: Squirrel]

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

[MASE:]

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked
 And now it's time for some heads to get flown

[DOVE:]

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course
 But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers
 A picture, picture, picture painted pink
 Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick
 But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm
 I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm
 I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity
 And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat
 I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons
 And sip the Porridge deep into my system
 So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode
 Inside the studio or on a road
 The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step
 It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep
 To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag
 It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Nine days old)

[POS:]

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music
 Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow
 Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball
 Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade
So we can throw our lemonade
In their face and kick their little butts

[FIGHT COMMENTATORS: Squirrel and Mikey Roads]

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
- Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

[Background:]

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
(One at a time, touch together)

[DOVE:]

People wanna get ragged with the reruns
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

[THE FROG: Lisle Leete]

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like.

[JABIB: Jarobi]

In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent, and we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are so violent. I don't understand, I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason (Live From The BK Lounge)"

[DOVE:]

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my identity...

([Girl in background:] That's not funny.)

So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince Paul?
You're fuckin' us up, man!

[PAUL:] My playin's good, man!

[DOVE:] Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude interruption from our audience...

[Background laughter]

Here we go.

Oh Johnny

You got a bullet in your forehead, boy

Don't you understand, you dead

Buried six feet under the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

That's the noise he made when he got shot

But Johnny's still dead

Still dead

Thought about his mama

Thought about his father Josephine

Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

The last words said by Johnny

But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Roller Skating Jam Named "Saturdays""

(And rollerskates)
(And rollerskates)
(And rollerskates)

[Q-TIP:]

Girl meets boy on Thursday night
Boy was high, girl fly like kite
They hold hands until next day
Boy then lets go, hit his way
Boy rules butt, brags to his boys
Erection brings bad boy joys
Boy thinks of that big fat back
Big black fat love, big black fat
Girl calls boy to stand him up on Saturday
Saturday

[POS & Q-TIP:]

Saturday, it's a Saturday
It's a Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday

[POS:]

Back once more with the wallop in the score
Must I ride and rip, should I make you rock your hip
Reviver of a roller-boogie in a rink
And sure to make you think about the times
To scope fun instead of fights
(But diving from a piece of metal sure to take your life)
Yo, slip your butt to the fix of this mix
Toss that briefcase, it's time to let loose
'Cause you've worked like heck to get the week in check
So unfasten that noose around your neck
Connected like a vibe from the wheel to the foot
Come on everybody dig the funky output

[VINIA:]

Five days you work
One whole day to play
Come on everybody, wear your rollerskates today
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday-ay
(Is the word, is the word, is the word)

[POS:]

Now as you pump your fist I reminisce
To a bounce, rock, skate, roll
Fess to impress
Hey, pretty diamond, do you like the way I'm dressed
Cool, keep the faith and be my mate
'Cause all we need is feet
(And rollerskates)
But promote the hustle 'cause it keeps me thin
No need to talk, look who just walked in

[DOVE:]
(Is there a Dred on skates?)
Yes, man
(So kick the wham on this jam)
Oh Mr. Sprinkler, Mr. Sprinkler
Wet me for one, Mr. Sprinkler
I'm heatin' high-five in a daze, no split
With a yawn I trip to the dawn
Out comes the bodies following the one idea
It's clear, rattle to the roll
Hold back up the track, grab your rollerskates y'all
And let's zip on by
Zip-a-de-doo-dah, let's zip on by
Feed on a weed and we're feeling high
Sun is on thick and the cheese is rollin' quick
Come on, there's no time to hide
Season is twist, spinning and winning
No hackeysack, let let me in
Spill on the bottom away, but it's okay, huh
It's a Saturday

[POS:]
Now let's all get baked like Anita

[Q-TIP:]
Watch Mr. Lawnge, don't look at the peter

[DOVE:]
Feel on the fun, I'll feel on the

[VINIA:]
Hey, watch that!

[DE LA SOUL:]
It's a Saturday

[VINIA:]
Now is the time
To act the fool tonight
Forget about your worries and you will be all right
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday

Saturday, it's Saturday-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
(Aaoww)

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS' Dedication To The Bitty"

[SQUIRREL:] We've just played fifteen minutes of commercial free music.

Of course you're listening to WRMS FM, and we
play nothing but De La Slow music. We're coming up on the hour of ten
o'clock. It's a full moon, and perfect night
for lovers. We're about to do something we don't usually do, and
that's... we'll I'll show you.

[BITTY:] Hello, hello, who's this?

[SQUIRREL:] Squirrel.

[BITTY:] Hi! Listen, I don't have a lot of time, my name's Mizuna, I'm
on my dinner break from Burger King and I just
called to tell you that I love your new radio station, I love
everything you guys do.

[SQUIRREL:] Thank you. And with that, the next song is just
for you. And when you go back tell all the Burger King
honeys that if they want to call and talk to me, just call
WRMS. See ya.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Bitties Tn The BK Lounge"

[Part One:]

Yo man let me make some Cpt. Krunch
man alright
Yo man we have any milk?
Yeah, what time is it?
I don't know, what day is it?
Don't know, well I'll tell you.

Well it was a Wednesday
me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry
like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce
and a glass of milk and some cookies.
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo
what we said - well what do you know
this chick thought I was trying to play fly
cause I had a pair of blue jeans on.

Young girl, won't you take my order?
she said, "Yeah, but right now I'm kinda busy..."
can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger?"
Lingering, I could tell
she's a B-K mademoiselle
Ripped uniform and bottom bell
and some Jelly stuff on her sleeve
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar
could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour
And then Boss Hog hollar
"Girl you better make this quick!"
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick!"
I had an idea and lickity split
took my hat off and that was it

Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said
"Yeah now we'll see!"
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized
"Ain't you that guy?"
"Aint you that GIRL!"
"De La Soul, right?"
"No Tracy Chapman!"
"Why don't you come over to the counter; and write me out an
autograph?"
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed
"What's the name of that song you sing?"
"Living in a fast car," I said

Forget about the order I made
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead.

[Chorus: x2]

Bitties in the BK lounge, All they do is beg and they scrounge
Bitties in the BK lounge *[x2]*

[Part Two:]

[F - female]
[P2 - Posdonus]

[F] Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!
[P2] Oh yeah, Now I recognize
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?
[F] Yes you can, but you can keep your lies
cause you know you can't diss me
but your pissing me off
I know where you live and I know that your soft
You're as booty as they come (booty?)
and you dress like a geek
my shoes cost more than you make in two weeks
[P2] Look, you don't have to play fly in here
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!
But you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a BK tray
By the way yo, here's yours
[F] I know your just sweating me to kill the noise
of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters
Look at what you do all day but take orders
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack
[P2] Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school
selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!
With one hand that punk I could snap- the kid is so skinny...
[F] But we be livin fat
[P2] Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?
Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill
the smell that should have been left to Masingel!
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet
I got to much family to heed your threats
[F] Are you a family man? (Word booty!)\br/>Well I shouldn't be surprized
your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries
[P2] Don't even try that shit!
[F] Oh damn look! (What?)
[F] Here comes one more
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor
Now give them a hand, its the BK clan

So you can't talk garbage about who I am
[P2] well, arn't we living foul
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?
Ops I meant you sorry for the mix up
but your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!
[F] I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!
(You'd better!)
I think theres something you should understand
I try to be nice and help the poor make money
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!
Now B-K workers is too damn rude
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Brother's A Basehead"

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]

This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain is an undesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is, this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine
We used to be down as partners in crime
From our parents our name was forged
I was the Beaver, you Curious George
Wanted to dispose of this and that
But curiosity had killed the cat
At this age no wonder it was read
But this was the fate that you were fed
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste
High off all the cheeba that we could taste
Soon you had converted to nasal sports
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort
Told me that you needed a stronger fix
Stepped to the crack scene in '86
Unlike the other drugs where you had control
This substance had engulfed your body and soul
Now from me you lost all respect
Said yo need to put that shit in check
Wanted me to believe that you had tried
But your mind and the craving had coincided
Said there was a voice inside you that talked
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk
Now the brother who could handle any drug
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

[Background:]

(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)
(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

[DOVE:]

"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial
Guess what? Time to collect, correct
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?"
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!

(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]

Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine
Started getting high at the age of nine
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go
My dividends and wares started to disappear
Where it ended up, I had an idea
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house
From there a mother figure came into play
Claimed for you she saw a better day
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth
Thought the only chance was to go to church
Quitting this stuff you had tried before
This time you claimed you'd really score
Something I had to see to believe
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

[PREACHER (Squirrel):]

My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people who used to care
about what took place in the world today? I've been summoned here
today to reach the people who still can be reached, to save the people
who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen?
Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over the world. All
it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at? Them crackers that
they serve, where they at?

[DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS In background as choir:]

Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive us, Lord
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us
The Lord's gonna forgive us

[POS:]

Bullshit, didn't believe a lick
To this fool fell off, well that would stick
Soon you reach your front of calm
Walked round by rehearsing psalms
Then you smiled with the funky frown
What do you know, the voice is back in town
Mom would say it would soon go away
You and I knew it was here to stay
But the man helped you when you helped yourself
That meant going to rehab for your health
Finally it went and blew your cork

Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York

And when my friends see me and come and ask

"Yo, where's your brother at?"

I'll be the first to splash

"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)

(- No.)

(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)

(- Who?)

(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)

(- Right.)

(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)

(- The one with the real nappy hair.)

(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)

(- With the glasses?)

(- Yeah.)

(- *[Background]* Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)

(And kept goin'...)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Let, Let Me In"

(Ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Let, let me in)

[DOVE:]

I got good news, I got eye witness
Good news, I got eye witness
Due in a hip lift, dead into my phenomenon
Dazed with the quickness
Sweat, one sweat, two sweat, three
Motions, what motions? What could it be?
She, she (watchin' you) who, me?
Hon, Velveeta got your cut
(Ain't no lockin' up now)
Give the symmetries to your bottom
(Ain't no lockin' up)
Shake less of that Catholic cool
Push panic, the button, and freeze
A's for Amen, J's for the Jenifa
Oh Jennys, oh please oh please
(Oh please oh please)

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

[POS:]

Force it like a motion, let me in to that
Flower power child, let me in to that
Let me sew your panic button, let me in to that
I got the semen headlocked, you won't get fat
Just lay, lay back, way, way, way
The oops up, it's a clear Saturday
We're selling my all-expense July paid
By the way, what's your name?
Just kidding, I know it's Renee
No, it isn't? Word, word, well check it out
Check, check it out
I got my my mind made up, come on, get it
Take a test, child
And get with this Pos position
From beginning to the Huckleberry Fin
If I was to yodel, would you let me in?

Let, let me in, let, let me in

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

Pos got the skyrocket in his jeans
Would you let me in if I was to sing
Like a hookey-non-stop-reggae-roost-rasta-king
Jimmy done starburst, know what I mean
Jimmy done burst, gotta come clean
Yo, Maseo, blow this scene

[MASE:]

Dip, dip, di, you're making me cry
With that onion between your thighs
Come give me some of that brown sugar
So the sweets can make me active
If I said you were attractive
May I supplement with an additive?
Hey, hooker let me hook you with my reel
Take you to the crib, cook up a real meal
Skip the meal and walk this way
(Hey, hey, hey)
Come on into my room, here we go
Here we here we here we go
(Boom!) Did you feel the bed break?
(Boom!) Did you feel the floor shake?
(Boom!) Did you feel the earth quake?
(Boom!) Now, quick, do you wanna take a break?

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

(What's this?)
(What?)
(In your pocket, that bulge?)
(Hey, hey, hey!)
(Harry, let me see it)
(Jumping jehosaphat!)
(Quaggin', quakin' and shakin')
(And that's no fakin')
(Let me see the gun, Harry, I want to see if it's been fired)
(Why are you complaining? I've always given you a piece of the action)
(So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed)
(And at last he blew the house in)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.

[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to
look up to, that fell the fuck off.

[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)

[DOVE:] You mean Rhthym and Blues?

[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]

Connection A, click, what?

My dick, chick

I smack a fish if you thinks

My connection ain't thick, dick

Headed like a punk whip

I travel miles with a rhythmic lip

I rock an Afro

In '83, gee, yo

And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow

I play the corner tough

And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]

Givin' high-five is what I want

So I puff a blunt, I don't front

I get spliffed, get a stiff

Then I go hump a stunt

Like a pimp pro

(Nah, man, a super ho)

That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro

Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic

Every hour, every minute, every second

I keep a level head and stay down to earth

'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]

Yeah

Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch

I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab

I've got five beepers, you scab

But you can find me directly on the Ave

(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)

My breath never smells wack

I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac

Before I kiss myself I always jump back

(Yo, gee, this track is stack)

(And you know that)

I do three flips

When a punk flip on my duke lifts
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep
On the other side with his main tapes
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick
But the Native Tongue's thick
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

[DOVE:]

I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss
Because it's tough to bluff a cab
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self
With the quickness I bust the true slang
Show no pit to those who don't understand

[MASE:]

The Maseo got tailed with the big bail
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more
In the closet with my silk, and below
My 45 pack thick, draw quick
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.
And another crib in Queens
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head
My favorite porck chops and
A plate of collar greens
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in
And the Poppa
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

[THE DOO DOO MAN:]

How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

[MIKE:]

Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

[KIM CARTER:]

Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

[Q-TIP:]

Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

[MASE:]

Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

[DE LA SOUL:]

This this this is De La Soul, Pos Love
This is Dove Love
Mase Love
And when we're not here we're where?
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

[DIVINE STYLER:]

Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-Ine Styler-Ine, and all come inside
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta
here, ha ha ha!

[BOBBY SIMMONS:]

Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]

Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up,
on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo
Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.
(You got the cooties)

[PAUL:]

Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or
boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening
to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RRAH!

[POPMMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That
mouli? Freakin' lick him.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

"If you will suck my soul
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing
At the time no one knew but it was a shame
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon
I received a call from Misses Sick herself
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute
She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip
You're just mad he's your overseer at school
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon
None of the kids could understand what was the cause
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

De La Soul Lyrics

"Who Do U Worship?"

[RONALD CHEVALIER:] Aha! What a beautiful day in the concrete jungle.

I think I'll go down to Goliath and just be a fuckin' dickhead!

Damn, I feel good today.

I'm looking forward to going and just beating the shit out of someone and taking their money.

What a fucking great job I have!

I wonder why I feel so good. Could it be the music?

Could it be my breakfast? Or could it just be the fact that

I just hate everybody, dammit!

Life is grand, life is great, I'll get myself a real cheap date.

Some woman I can take to McDonalds, spend a dollar twenty-five on,
and have like, the best time of your life with afterwards.

Life is too good to believe sometimes.

But we all can't have it the way I do, so to all you suckers out there,
kiss off. All right? Bye bye!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Kicked Out The House"

[DOVE:]

In no way are we trying to disrespect any sort of house or club music, but we're just glad that we're not doing it. And if we were, this is how it would go.

(I can't be your lover)
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't)
Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't be your lover)

(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)

(P-p-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-put it on vibrate!)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good

You got, you got, kicked out of this house, baby
For good

(I can't I can't I can't be your lover)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pass The Plugs"

(This time, put it in mellow)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[POS:]
First P is passed
I am known as
Posdnuos, Plug One to the whole race
Rhyme on a tour
Smart and much more
Dispatch I've stood themes with the Mad Face
Tall dark and lean
Was once nineteen
Now I'm one year older with reason
Clean thoughts and drawers
Rhyme flow never stalls
The yes yes yes y'all's
Will end this season
The Soul reached high plains
We didn't reach Soul Train
But Don don't like rap
So that won't happen
Fame we don't lust
God we do trust
Arsenio dissed us
But the crowd kept clapping
Blessed with soul's lights
So turn off your brights
Overexposure will bring about a clear soul
Don't push, but piles,
For this here new style
And excuse me y'all while I fill my potholes

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (oh yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[DOVE:]
Passed off second
Tru I reckon
Head full of dreds
But knowledge inside
Singin' on records, making it hectic
Wishing it all would fall and die

Radio works it, public consumes it
Tommy Boy wants another "Say No," huh
Rough and rugged
It's not a new twist
Been Trugoy since the first get go
Here's the daisy
Watching it die, see?
Native is the new like Balance is the shoe
Paul makes a mil like dill makes pickles
Plus is to add like addin to the crew is
Pimps promote us, RM's work us
MP's watch us close in focus
Watch me steppin'
Now I'm dancing
Then disappear with a hocus pocus

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[MASE:]
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Pos get funky)
(Check it out)
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Dove get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Mase get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Prince Paul get funky) (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

(ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (mmm)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[PAUL:]
Fourth P is passed
I am known as
(Prince Paul)
Yeah thanks Mase
Applied like chapsticks
The songs are slapsticks
Skeezoids with polaroids
Give me such a case
Trife or not trife
Don't own a wife
Yet I'm down and around for a good kiss
I got a 40 of Pepsi

A girl in Bed-Stuy
And I'll end it like this!
(Will rise, not fall)
(*[Definition:]* Prince Paul)
(Our Mentor, don't be sore)
(When I say that's all)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The Demo"

[DOVE:]

Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and
waiting for my brother to come over and then
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!

I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.
(Cab driver, fuck you)

I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees
again and oh oh! Oh my God!

Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was
facing toward the back. She turned around...
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but
luckily my answering machine was on and with
the quickness...

(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)

Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned
the water on and she was screaming... who could
it be? What did she want from me? What did she
want from me? What did she want from me? She
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.

(Please listen to my demo)

([Mumbled:] And wit your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)"

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference to the music business. Thank you."

[DOVE:]

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name (uh)
And your number
And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit
Fiending at I and I can't stand it
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"
I can't understand what the problem is
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz
How'd they get my name and number
Then I stop to think and wonder
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town
You wanna call me up? Take my number down
It's 222-2222
I got an answering machine that can talk to you
It goes

[POS:]

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style
Enters the new
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew
Or should I say flock cause around every block
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails

Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,
"Was it def?"
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes."
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call
They get

[MASE:]
Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin
Sorry you can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you
Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

[POS:]
Now woe is me to the third degree
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny
Jettin'
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker
Make way to my radius playin fly guy
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky
Me Myself and I go through this act daily
And rarely do I not
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me
No matter what the plot
And even out on tour they be like,
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"
I be like "Oh swell"
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room
And tell them to call me at noon
But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer
Who I swung on tour
And if it rings while we're alone
She'll answer the phone
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

[DOVE:]

"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring
Now you're waiting on the beep.
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."
So no probremo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

[POS.]

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you.. peace

'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook
me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know
what I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your
number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me,
got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook
me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back
at 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a
brother man!'

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS: Cat's In Control"

If it's not De La Slow, then it's not WRMS. Where Cat's in control,
twisting and tuning until you're purr-fectly content. Special cat
call goes out to the suckers at the donut shop. Thanks for serving it
to me dark, hot, and no caffiene. Snuggle tight and hang loose
boys, it's time to groove to a De La Slow move on WRMS.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shwingalokate"

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

[POS:]

(What's the subject?)

The Shwingalo, hot damn

(Is Posdnuos gonna start?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Shwing on hand)

I present to you the Preacher Man

Peace everyone, everyone I hope

Plate is not a caper, plate is not a hoax

Is it is the now step, labeled Shwingalo

Shopper brag a basket, fill it to the bro

What's the Shwingalokate? Question me instead.

Mental is the mood, whether live or dead

Level is the groove when I lead the led

But hip is my lip when I'm Shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

[DOVE:]

(What's the next step?)

It's the fool of the clan

(Is he down with the Shwing?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Swing on hand)

I present to you, the whole shalam

Last was the gas, flower by the pound

Shoo, puppy tough, shoo, flower power hound

Season of the Shwing is sound and it's bound

90 got the gift so lift from the ground

Speak me an age, age at the dough

Feed me the donut, feed me the O

School me with the new 'cause the new

Kept me fed with the brew

I'm glued to the stew and I'm Shwinging it

Breathe me the out, breathe me the in

Send it with a skit neither friend nor begin

Label it a Shwing, brother come for the win

Catch me the border, must start to begin

90 got the knack of the Soul, grab a bit

90 proved them wrong to those who commit

Dis to the hit list, pitched by the hit
Caught by the herds of those in the pit
Pull me a puff of the blunt as it breeds
This benefit's just what you need
Just because I'm fallin', saved by the weed
With dred, 'cause you know indeed I'm shwing it

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[POS:]

Constructed like an apple but roll like a grape
Try with the games 'cause the fools'll take shape
Stuff to the too tough, grave is in the groove
Sop it like Sound, yo honey make a move
Shufflin' your feet, that's stiffer than a nap
Open up an eardrum, don't wait for the cap
Sip a third of lager, extract the waste
Tell me tell me tell me, can you get a case?
Never oops honey, dope not a threat
Peace be found on your color telly set
Pick up the proof for the stool pigeon sing
Shwing a load o' dat, 'cause I must put Shwing

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Fanatic Of The B Word"

[MIKE G:]

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!
(Hooo-weee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

[CHORUS:]

Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball

[MIKE G:]

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

[POS:]

A Nubian sprocket is the one
Plug One, cut the cap
Forward is the marcher of the chant,
To the clan, unless you slept
Willy to the Wonka of the feat
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes
If we get fined by police,
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes
Toxic is the talk that I tell,
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DOVE:]

Swing is the is of my step
Plug Two, groove a gut
On gets by when it's kept
Three miles to my step
Forgiveness to the foes is false
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss
No cost, no relate
Brother got a badge of his own
Because the link of the life is slack
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DRES:]
Move over just a bit to the right of me
For I cannot see where the booty is
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz
It's as though a pound goes around and around
So I give a pound then I do the step
Dres will be with Boca on the side
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept
Phonetics and kinetics perservere
Therefore I kick it
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon
I'm looking out the window
Day is filled with rain and gloom
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

(Rrrr-RAH!)
[POS:] Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,
thanks for not having my baby, peace.
[DRES:] This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.
[MISTA LAWNGE:] Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace
to my father, Bombed Out Brother.
[MASE:] This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to
that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!
[PAUL:] Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up
to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)
(Have a ball!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Keepin The Faith"

[DOVE:]

Jody got a cat but she won't let it out
Oh tough luck, 'cause it makes Jack pout
Waiting on the wins he moves to the next
Searching for the cheese, looking for the text
In the Big Blue in search of the skins
Grinning and laughing, laughing and grinning
Padlock Jody got the whole scene played
No knockin' boots till she's 14K'd
Diamond in the back, sunroof top
Waiting for the credit card so she can go and shop
Jack plays the back, just knockin' other socks
'Cause now in the hood he's
(Johnny the Fox)
Till one ring came, Jody blew a park
Found about Jody round the corner in the park
Flipping like a dipstick, hip to the news
Practising the range, bellowing the blues
Jack rolls the carpet in, swift like a skate
"Yo, Jody, yo, gotta go, got a date"
Padlock Jody's screaming "Wait, wait, wait!"
"Don't worry, hon," he replies, "I'm keepin' the faith"

[POS:]

I'll never do the baseball with you again
Yo, I'll never do the baseball with you
'Cause your hoochie-coo was so smooth
Was it such a sin to let, let me in?
Hooked by your ever-so-shyness
Want that bush, heard you're from Flatbush
Ran after ya, caught ya,
Brought ya to Long Island, stylin' for a while
In my hut, I was on a cut for a peck
A silly Greg Peck
You tried to play me new, Plug One you disconnect
I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Yo, I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Is is 'cause you want my financial flaunt?
First you gotta please me, nice and easy
But I guess you want that in reverse,
So I stand Plug First can see
We got a serious block
Turn the other way, ooh what do I spot?
A hoopin' Hey Love whose scent left a trace
Had a stash in her pocket with a body that's safe
Ball to the eight, now you wanna swing?
Forget the rap, yo, Black Sheep, sing

(You're banned, you're banned)
(You're banned, honey dip, you're banned)
(You're banned)
Yo, you're banned
Ya banned by the preacher man
You played yourself a stew
Now to me you step, never mind love
The faith is being kept

[DOVE:]

Now remember 'bout Padlock Jody, here's the fact
Jack little wick but she was acting wack
Jack wanna lay but laying ain't exact
For the past four or five she was banned by the pack
Hip to the witness, putting on a plan
No money, no more Puddy Tat for the man
Jack knows that honey means playing a game,
Only wanna bowl, got nabbed for the fame
Claude Van Damme (God damn)
Sam was the man that you planned to command
Nothing new about a neighborhood
You know what? Padlock Jody wanna cut
Jack's thinking cap, make mine into a pack
"Yo, here's 20, 40, 60, pay me back"
Conscience appears, "Yo Jack, what you doing?"
"You play the cold while honey here's cooling?"
"You don't have to if you don't want to!"
"You don't have to if you don't want... to!"
So he begins with the ring, ring, ring,
"Hey Judy girl, how ya doin'
Seen you with another man, what you doing? Screwing?
Ooh, shame on you! What, you can't wait
For the big bait? Well, I'mma tell you straight,
Honey child, I'm keepin' the faith!"